blocking the exit with his huge bulk. His yellow, apelike teeth showed again. don't slope away from me like dat! I'm yer boss now-see? I need a Chink like you to cook me slum and do me work while I loaf around like a toff.'

"You clazy! I go!" cried Bung, beginning of the world.

to raise his voice.

"None o' ver fluff now!" grunted Mike,

Being of an unwarlike race, Bung was bravest in retreat. Giving tongue to a Canhead and collided with Mike amidships, -a snug robe of King Morpheus. disastrous move, for a moment later the gigantic tramp had clutched the Chinaman by the slack of his breeches and was shaking him, head down, like a sack of wheat. And, like a shaken sack, Bung gave up his treasures. First his store of hand-rolled eigarettes and golden which clinked upon the pebbles of the family tumbling out of bed. and lay shining by the fire.

piece and put it in his pocket. "Say, got any more?"

"Ah, nope, Mist' Hobo-I got no mo'! I velly poor!

"Quicher kiddin'!" said Mike, again re-versing Bung and shaking him hopefully, as though he had been the purse of Fortunatus, capable of giving up coins indefinitely. The exercise being somewhat too violent for one when the two men leveled their guns. of Mike's temperament, he soon desisted and set Bung down upon the sand. Puffing from

his exertions, the tramp also sat down.
"Ye're a proper stiff," said the hobo contemptuously, "tryin' to beat it from your pal! T'ink I'm goin' to let yez hike all over de country snitchin' on what I told ye? Nix, Chino! Ye travel wit' me for awhileoff'n de railroad, I'll shove yez out on de Mojave desert an' let y' walk home."

poker face and thought hard. It was solo above the frenzied hen chorus. evident to him that the tramp, aside from fancying the idea of having a Chinaman to cook for and wait upon him, had another motive in keeping him captive. He had been talking indiscreetly of his crimes in the Santa Clara Valley, and he no doubt realized sternly, assuming the pose of a Minute Man. that Bung would at once spread the alarm, should he escape. In the words of the villain bling nervously with the spike that held the in the thirty-cent melodrama, Bung "knew too much.

soon as he recovered his breath. "Saclimento," lied Bung promptly.

quired the tramp.

den inspiration. "You like me show you?" "On de level?

Mike by the sleeve and led him to the top of the bridge, where the lights of the Oliver ranch were fully in view.

through that place. What I see there?" "Cough up!" commanded the hobo.
"Chickee!" whispered Bung dramatically.

"Lots of 'em?"

happy chickees."
"Gee!" muttered the hen pirate, rising to

"Plenty heaps!" exclaimed Bung, indicating by a gesture broad acres of clucking beauties. "Muchee many! Shanghai, Plymly Rock, Leggyhorn—all kind chickee! Heap big, heap soft! Um!" He made a mouth sug-

gestive of divine fricassee. the yellow lights in the adjacent farm.

"Mikee," said Bung with an expression of infinite cunning, "you like me show you LESS than an hour later Bung squatted in them chickee?"

round the lamp in the main room.

"I wonder did he get a good place to sleep tonight?" mused Mrs. Oliver, who was embroidering Persian designs on Irish linen.

"He's probably in San José at this moment showing the Mayor of Chinatown how to draw four aces with both hands above the table," said Tommy, looking up from a pink envelop in the handwriting of Cecilia Thorne.

"If he's going to be a hobo, as he threatened to be," said Judge Oliver from his gustedly. "He too muchee work all time." Morris chair, "I hope the red gods whistle The Chinaman shuffled away toward his him back before the end of next week."

"Bet you four bits to two he'll be back in two days!" said Maude, the frivolous blond sister.

"Daughter, where do you get those dreadful expressions?" asked the mother, shocked. morning you owe me a dollar!"

"Teddy Barnum," said Maude, mentioning a sporting Stanford junior.

"I'll take you up on that bet," said Tommy. "Bung won't be back for a week."

"Even money?" asked Maude. "Dollar even," drawled Tommy like a man

"Children, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Oliver. At ten o'clock the family began straggling doubling his great paw under Bung's af- off to bed. By ten-thirty the Judge had frighted nose. "If y' squeal I'll croak ye!" finished his chapter of Huxley, emptied his pipe, and proceeded to bolt the front door. By ten-forty-five the last light was out and tonese college yell, he suddenly lowered his the Olivers were cuddled quietly under the

> SQUAWK! Squaw-aw-aw-aw-awk! Kiddyke-dack! Ke-dack! Ke-dack! Gar-r-r-r-Awk! Ouch! Lemme out, ye dummy! Wassa malla you? Murder! Kiddy-ke-dack!"

This medley of horrors alarmed the slid from his pockets, then something bright Olivers' dreams and brought every member

Bearing shotguns, appeared on the porch "Kale!" exclaimed the tramp, and every Judge Oliver in scant cotton nightshirt and tramp knows "kale" means "money." "A Tommy in rich pongee pajamas. From the yellow boy!" He picked up the ten-dollar upper windows of the house there blossomed three female faces,-Mrs. Oliver, her gray hair sternly braided; Gertrude, bristling with patent curlers; Maude, wearing a lacy cap of frivolous pattern.

On the strip of lawn beside the house a plump figure danced wildly, throwing its fingers to the moon.

"No shootee, no shootee!" it jabbered

no burgly-man! No shootee!"
"Bung!" exclaimed five assorted voices in one breath.

A fearful squawking, roaring, and pounding again issued from the sheds behind the barn.

"Come chop-chop pletty quick I catchee!" exclaimed Bung, waddling duck fashion ahead of his astonished masters round the see? Some day, when we're flickin' a ride barn to the chicken coop. The door of that edifice shook as with human rage; but refused to open for the evident reason that a large iron spike was driven through the BUNG, thoroughly subdued, resumed his staple. A terrific basso cursing rose like a

"What have you got in there?" asked Tommy, cocking his gun.

"I catchee Pigee Mikee! He steal um

chickee!" yelled Bung, dancing in a circle. 'Open the door!" commanded the Judge

prisoner. No sooner was the hasp released than the door flew open, landing Bung such "Where d'ye come from?" asked Mike, as a mighty clout that he turned a complete reverse somersault and lay kicking like a stricken beetle. And the hobo came out. He "Know any henroosts round here?" in- came out with a roar in his voice and a sixfoot henroost in his hand. He let out the "I sabe one," said Bung, jumping at a sud-roar and the roost at the same moment; but Tommy deftly tripped him before anything serious occurred, and Judge Oliver menaced "Oh, velly lebel—look-see!" Bung plucked him with a double-barreled fowling piece (unloaded).

"Aw, Mister, don't send me to de jug! I ain't no tramp hook-I'm a poor woikin' "Yest'day," said Bung, "I walkee-walkee guy-honest, I'm starvin'!" whined Mike, putting up the "mocking spiel" that has saved many a tramp from vengeance.

"You no b'lieve him, Judge Olivah—he no workee guy-he velly mean hobo-he "Oh, two, thlee, hunder. Heap fat, heap steal um all time!" clamored Bung in the Judge's other ear.

Bung enthusiastically fetched a coil of the bait as Captain Kidd might have done to the lure of treasure ships. "Two or three held his empty gun at the tramp's head, hundred!"

Tommy tied him hand and foot. Bung's encouragement was heartening to hear.

"Oh, tie him plenty—I go fetchee more lope!" he cried gleefully. "Please no tie him too loose!'

"Dry up, ye proper stiff!" snarled the hobo, giving utterance to the tramp's deepest The big tramp looked long and lovingly at phrase of contempt, meaning "man who works when he isn't forced to.

the moonlight watching the town marshal bearing away the petty vagrant in a green BUNG'S vacation was the topic of the wagon. The Chinaman's face beamed more evening when the Olivers were gathered blandly than the moon. The Judge and Tommy, now dressed as to shoes and trousers,

accosted their smiling servant.

"You can go now, Bung, and finish your vacation," smiled the Judge.

"No go. I catch um plenty."

"Didn't you like it?"

"Nope. Too far off-too lonesome."

"Where did you go?"
Bung pointed to the little bridge, less than

a city block off the Oliver acres.

"I no likee vlacation," said Bung dis-The Chinaman shuffled away toward his hut of crazy lumber, the home where his heart was. As the two white men entered the house to finish their broken sleep, Maude called down from upstairs:

"Tommy," she said, "don't forget in the



Present for You

E have a present for every woman who uses Freeman's Face Powder. Alamb's wool powder puff in a suede leather case -a convenient little fitting for your handbag.

This puff, soft and fluffy, holds a week's supply of powder in its hollow center, which lightly sifts through the puff as you apply it. The case does not in any way suggest a vanity case, but looks like a coin purse. You may wish to use it for this purpose.

To secure one of these dainty and attractive Purse Puffs, buy a box of Freeman's Face Powder and send us the little gold seal from the inside wrapper with five 2-cent stamps towards packing and carrying charges.

Freeman's Face Powder

-soft, fine and fragrant-has a remarkably beautifying and beneficial effect on the com-plexion—keeping it smooth and youthful. Al-though it costs but 25 cents a box, we urge you to compare it with any powder manufactured.

Used by the majority of beautiful stage women, it has become known as the "Powder of the Stars.

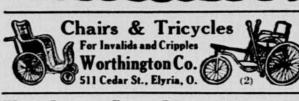
Your dealer will have Freeman's Face Powder. If not, send to us direct. Address

FREEMAN PERFUME CO. Dept. 22, Cincinnati, Ohio

2 Hair Switch Sent on Approval. Choice of Natural was straight hair. Send a lock of your hair and I will mail a inch short stem fine human hair switch to mate if you ind it a big bargain remit \$2 in ten day inch short stem fine human hair switch to matca. If you find it a big bargain remit \$2 in ten days, or seil 3 and GET YOUR SWITCH FREE. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 5c postage.

Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also high grace switches, pompadours, wigs, puffs, etc. Women wanted to sell my hair goods.

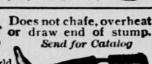
ANNA AYERS, Bepl. A-342



Erickson Leg or draw end of stump.

Send for Catalog

The largest limb factory in the world E. H. Erickson Artificial Limb Co. 6 Washington Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn



Protect Your Clothes **Against Moths and Dust**

Slip the garment into this convenient ward-robe and clamp the top shut. Air-tight, dustproof, and moth-proof. Clothes hang at full length, on hangers. No wrinkles. No moth-ball odor. Clothes always ready to wear.

Wayne Cedared Paper Wardrobes

Last for years. Open and close instantly. Perfect protection for furs and all clothes. No. 3-50 in, long (dress suits, tailored suits, busi-ness suits) each - - 75c

No. 5-55 in. long (overcoats, gowns, opera cloaks) each - \$1.00 No. 7—60 in. long (fur coats, velvet coats, over-coats) each - - \$1.50 And many other sizes.

At all Department Stores, Drug Stores, and Furnishing Stores in U. S. and Canada. If not

at yours, write us, also ask for

"How to Care for Clothes"

—a booklet every housewife should read. Sent free. Address Dept. L.

Wayne Paper Goods Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

postal will bring you a generous free bottle of 3-in-One Oil. Try it. See for yourself what a wonderful bicycle oil, gun oil, skate oil, fishing

3-in-One is equally good for three Boys' uses: It oils all bearings perfectly, making them fairly fly. It cleans and polishes all wood and metal surfaces, and it absolutely prevents rust.

We want you and every other boy to believe in 3-in-One. And after you give it this free test you certainly will believe in it.

At all good stores in 10c, 25c and 50c bottles. Library Slip with every

package.

3-IN-ONE OIL CO. 42 A.K.H. Broadway, New York

THE ASSOCIATED SUNDAY MAGAZINES

Incorporated

Issued every week co-operatively and simultaneously by and as a part of the SUNDAY ISSUES OF THE

Boston Post

Chicago Record-Herald St. Louis Republic Minneapolis Journal Rocky Mountain News Philadelphia Press New-York Tribune Baltimore Sun Baltimore Sun

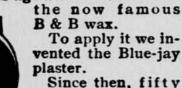
MORE THAN FOURTEEN HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES EACH WEEK

For Advertising Rates Apply to The Associated Sunday Magazines Incorporated

Record-Herald Building, Chicago

The Wizard Who **Ends All Corns**

Some years ago a chemist invented the now famous



Since then, fifty million corns have

been ended forever by this little applica-

It is applied in a jiffy. The pain instantly ends. Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In two days the whole corn, root and all, comes out.

No soreness, no discomfort. You simply forget the corn.

Why pare corns when this thing is possible?

Paring simply removes the top layers. It is exceedingly dangerous, for a slip of the blade may mean infection.

Why trifle with corns-treat them over and over-when a Blue-jay removes them completely, and in 48 hours. Prove it today.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.

B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once. C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable. D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue=jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists-15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.